SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Spirit of the Magazines.

From the London Metropolitan Magazine for July.

Songs of Spain.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Air—Caramba!

Number No. I.

O fair was the daughter
That came by the sea side
Of the rush of my water,
Like a bright spirit over
A pale flower on the tide.
Amid those rush mats
That people the waters and people the glen
Where the Ebro rolls on in its pride.

II.

O bright was the morning
Of love, which did beam
Like one that just flowers among
Dark Ebro, thy stream—
Like a beautiful flower
Which falls on the heart,
Before the chain'd slumbers of morning depart.
Where the Ebro rolls on in its pride.

III.

A maiden did come
That flower, and it stood
Like a bright spirit over
Dark Ebro—the flood
Of the clashed willow flood—
Where Ebro rolls on in its pride.
The beautiful flower I find hung a grace
Where the Ebro rolls on its dark flood!

From the London Metropolitan Magazine for June.

Three Scenes in Real Life.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"How must love and a lowly world!
A thing that is often and often found
In the London Metropolitan Magazine for June.
Whom when the good do name, they tell their heads
And when the wicked do name it, they do mutter
And then remember that!"

Lady in the fashionable season of 18—, I called on my friend and school-fellow, Lady Ashford, in Grosvenor Square, whom I had not seen since her marriage, having been abroad with an invalid sister for the last three years, and I much feared on a visit to Paris, for which my friend would at last reasonably expected, notwithstanding her constant complaint beauty, being only a daughter of a Glasgow architect, and consequently without fortune, and destitute of the fond and foolish fluttering one felt for on whom we were equals, and which must, with my part, now subside into friendship. I found her much altered, more beautiful than ever, and quite alone, fortunately, and on seeing my card, she admitted me instantly into her boudoir, where she received me with every manifestation of unfeigned and warm affection. She looked perfectly radiant with beauty and happiness, and I could not help being struck with the splendid and magnificent style in which she was surrounded; so different to what her father's genteel income (with all his fondness) could be ever to her. The room was really work-of-art, fitted up for a connoisseur, and the world has no pity for an adulteress."

"Hush, Emily!" she exclaimed. "how you mistake me! I mean nothing but the merest assortment in what I do, and God forbid I ever should!"

"God indeed forbid!" said I energetically.

"And if you know more of the world," she added, "you would soon understand that such conduct as yours would be impossible. I know not what else to call it, the term is so familiar to us, which is considered, even by the least supposed persons, perfectly harmless and innocent."

"I am ignorant of the world, I know, and I glory in the want of that pernicious knowledge which it teaches; with a wife and children to love him, her husband's peace of mind, and the future welfare of her children; and as to the well-bred good nature of your fashionable set, where to-day and approving each comment, I must beg leave to think them either without principles or understanding, for I cannot fashionable see how that what they affect to admire and approve, and that is the most dangerous species of flattery a young and beautiful wife can be exposed to."

"Ah, you are still so candid! laughingly; "they know I really have no bad intention, and impute my little sallies to the right motive, exuberance of spirits, and when I'm absent from them, one, he know I was an incurable flirt, so he can't complain, you know."

"No, he did not," said I. "No man would be so rash as to risk his happiness by such a union. He thought you without fault. Be generous, compose the ruffled plumes of his love, then think no still. It will cost you less than you imagine, believe me for virtue is always the safest course. Forgive me, Emily, if I am too candid, but I feel so pained to see you thus, and remember the entrance of a servant, who placed on the table before her, a purple morocco jewel-case, "from his master."

She opened it eagerly, and found it contained a most splendid pair of bracelets, with the miniatures of her two children, set in large diamonds for the clasps, and on the delicate note from Sir Justine, intimating that he thought them the most gratifying present he could bestow upon her.

I never saw two more angelic countenances than those smiling little cherubs presented to the admiring eyes of their mother, but, alas! the wretched brilliancy of the diamond failed to captivate a female heart.

"Are they not lovely?" she exclaimed, kissing them alternately. "Are they not worthy of all my love? My sweet, my beautiful children, I will live to force you to be proud of your children!"

"My dear Emily," said I, deeply affected, "it is the talisman of virtue. Never lose sight of it. The contemplation of those children would save you from ruin."

As she expressed the utmost impatience to go and thank her husband, I took a most delicate attention. I rose to leave, promising to see as much of her as one delicately could as husband, and which he is not a bashful husband, he does not feel too keenly by fulsome and odious. He gave the greatest proof possible of their power by making you his wife—by raising you to wealth, rank, and honor—by rendering you the cradle of the sacred woman you now are. He may abuse his generosity—do not teach him to repent it. It is too often by the unmeaning flattery of you and empty commonplace that many a woman, who has had the rare fortune to become the wife of a kind-hearted, liberal man, perhaps her superior in birth and fortune, is taught to imagine that she has made a great sacrifice in accepting him, whereas, if she were at liberty, not one of the men who thus destroys her domestic happiness would ever dream of marrying her, or ever discover those superlative charms they now praise so extravagantly."

"O, I dare say not," she replied, in a tone of mortification, "I don't believe half they say, and you only real assured that they will never have the slightest regard or wish for the real affection I feel for Sir Justine—I am too firmly attached for that; yet surely there is no great crime in indulging in a little innocent flirtation? It makes every scene pass off so delightfully, puts us into good-humor with ourselves, with everybody, and awakens a universal desire to please. And you cannot deny, with such a husband, one must be more amiable. Besides, I can assure you, that most fashionable men prefer conversing with married women. They say, and justly, that they are always so much more agreeable, know more of the world, and have none of that cold repulsive severity of manner so repelling in our modern young ladies; in fact, that they are the only females worth bestowing their time and attention upon."

"And simply for this reason," said I, "they can presume to say to a married woman what they would not dare to an unmarried girl, for fear of compromising the latter. Yet, believe me, it is only to a certain description of married women that they venture to converse somewhat familiarly with either sex, and to indulge an innocent idle thirst for admiration, that they will gratify it at any risk—irresistible sort of women, who, when they have been perfectly free from censure at once, and who insult their ears with the most disgusting flattery, either in sport, or, far worse, in the hopes of being repaid by the ruin of such a credulous victim, but even these men, vicious and corrupted as they are, know how to distinguish and honor virtue, and would sooner die than offer an insult to it, even in thought."

I began to offer an apology for my unintentional intrusion. She started at the sound of my voice, and coloring violently, said, "Miss Lady Ashford. I remained motionless with astonishment; when supposing my immovability proceeded from horror and disgust, she sank back in her chair, and burst into a passion of tears. In an instant she was to my arms. All was that modest and forgotten, except that she was my friend—my beautiful, my still cherished Emily. I implored her to compose herself—called it a fortunate circumstance which led to our again meeting—assuring her of my unchanged esteem and affection, and studiously avoided alluding to the fatal cause of our separation, or to the past in short, which I saw must be a subject she seemed quite as anxious to banish from our conversation as myself. For not one, the slightest word, led me to suspect that she had been a guilty one; and yet how vividly it flashed over my memory, as I sat gazing on her then! How was she changed, and for the worse, I had beheld her in the zenith of the splendor of her husband's home—in the proud consciousness of unrivalled beauty, and an unbounded power over his heart, and

of fort on deck, and the shouts of the officers, convinced me that the main of the matter had come, and, regardless of danger, hastily leaping from my cot, I hurried upon deck, instantly screening myself partially from sight, behind the windlass, where, while I could at the same time command an unobstructed view of the horizon around.

It was early morning, and a light haze still hung upon the waters, dimming the view upon the sea-board, but leaving the sky above unobscured. The first rapid glances showed me at once the dangerous position of the pirate's vessel. Directly ahead of us lay a low, sandy island, covered with dwarf trees, and indented with a narrow bay, toward the mouth of which we were stretching under a press of canvass, that almost seemed jerking the masts bodily out. Well on our starboard quarter, with every rag aboard, could be seen the frigate, scarcely a cannon shot off, dashing furiously toward the closed the dangerous position of the pirate's vessel. Directly ahead of us lay a low, sandy island, covered with dwarf trees, and indented with a narrow bay, toward the mouth of which we were stretching under a press of canvass, that almost seemed jerking the masts bodily out. Well on our starboard quarter, with every rag aboard, could be seen the frigate, scarcely a cannon shot off, dashing furiously toward the same point; while a couple of miles or so up on our starboard bow, with a pyramid of canvass rising from her low, dark hull, and her long, slender masts bowing half way to the horizon, was a man-of-war schooner, in which, at a single glance, I recognized Ten Strous. My heart leaped at the sight. I saw that escape was almost inevitable, every thing depending upon weathering the cape of the bay, which lay so directly in the pirate's course, that some half hour's more could hope to pass in without tacking, and thus rowing directly into the arms of the schooner, whose forces could, at least, hold the exiliers in bay until the frigate should come up. But daring as the attempt would be, it was the only hope of escape; and the pirate captain was just casting his under to attempt it when I came on deck. Every thing was headed close; the helm put hard down; and then, like an arrow the brig glanced through the surging waters.

"There goes the frigate—look out," shouted the captain, as the man-of-war, perceiving the design of the pirate, and coming at that moment within range, opened a rapid, well-directed fire on the brig," thrown well by heaven," he added, as a ball whizzed by within a half a dozen fathoms, and then pitched headlong into the sea.

The chase now became one of absorbing interest. The breeze was blowing almost a hurricane, and the heavy frigate gained rapidly on the light brig; while momentarily her guns came lowering along the deep, in rapid succession. Could the pursuer have lasted a half an hour longer the capture of the pirates would have been inevitable, but in the very heat of the chase the frigate came within her soundings, and was compelled to haul off. She still, however, kept up a cannonade upon the brig; while the gallant little schooner was ranging inland. It was an exciting moment. We were now within half a cable's length of the surf that broke on the hard, sandy beach of the cape. The wind, too, that had been kept constantly agoing, told that in another moment we would be aground. There was scarcely a doom fathom left to pass. The boldman wavered. At that instant a fierce, sudden puff of wind laid the brig down to her bearings.

"Keep her to it," thundered the pirate captain, leaping on a cannonade, from whence he could observe the perilous pass without obstruction. "reserve not a hair's breadth, and we clear the point yet, close, close—closer," he shouted, and, as in obedience to his orders, the brig was laid down until the water bubbled through her scuppers, she glanced like a meteor by the point, leaving the breakers foaming not a pistol shot on her lee, and the next instant amid a loud cheer from the men, was gliding along in the smooth water of the bay. Owing to the curve of the entirety we almost instantly lost sight of our pursuers, or only caught a glimpse of their royals for a moment, over the tops of the intervening trees. We could hear the frigate, however, firing signal guns for the schooner's recall. In half an hour the brig had passed through a narrow strait, at the head of the little bay, and entered a broad sluggish lagoon, such as are found embosomed in many of the low, sandy islands of the South. It was thickly surrounded with woods, coming close down to the water's edge. At the very outset of this lake, and on a position to rake the strait, the brig was moored broadside on; the guns from the starboard side were brought over and accommodated on the larboard; the settings were tried up, the ammunition served out, and the small arms distributed. Besides this a carronade was landed near the mouth of the strait, and loaded to the muzzle with grape, was connected with a party of men among some thick bushes; while a half a score of good marksmen were posted behind the trees along the strait to pick off the hostile crew as it entered boat-fashion to carry the legion. The exercises then were served out, and the men given a double allowance of grog. Every thing belonged done that, desperate would be the defence of THE PIRATE'S HOLD.

Pegotzki's Wife.

We have mentioned in another column the decease of Pegotzki, the greatest cutthroat the world has ever known. It is but just to state his death has been occasioned by a similar malady to several previous ones that have, that several parties beside, purporting to be his wife, have also been published to times, generally with a view to educate his excessive generosity, and want of common benevolence, by representing that he had left his amusements wealth to honest industrious, and needy but talented individuals. It is therefore possible, that the report of his death now current, may be erroneous, although he never married disease, or his general infirmity of body and mind, so detailed by previous advices, leaves no but little room to question its truth.

Pegotzki was born at Genoa, and at his death his remains were interred there from Nice, for international security was manifested to obtain possession of his vaults, although, it is not the mysterious spirit that would awaken with much in supernatural manner the most untrustworthy were a thing to be yearned after like a thing of life. Several agents of rejected bands were indicted for it. He died worth a great fortune. As regards the disposition of his effects, it appears it is some published in the English papers, and dated Nice, June 4th, that he "bequeathed his best valet to my personal hand. His other, which beats a value, he disposed to my management part of it, he left to his friend and the guardian of his son, Count Cressie, a young nobleman of the place, little inferior to the great count himself in the heavenly wisdom, and has his favorite musical instrument. To his two sisters he has given handsome competency for their existence. To his legitimated son he has left his landed property situated in the duchy of Parma, and on the decease of his mother, his settled estate to make the remainder of her life easy. The most interesting scenario that is current respecting him, regards the setting aside of the church in refusing him burial where dead he, when living, he did not object to confess himself; but a difficulty arose of a singular nature, which, in case of consequence, had probably never been anticipated by the canons. Paganism, for some months had existed in Genoa, and therefore there was no necessary that he should write down his confession. Thus he was willing to do, provided the priest would allow it to be done on a scroll, as soon as read, to be rolled out. But the confessor required it to be written on paper, that his Pagan democratic friend, ing that the document, even in trust of a priest, though read so holy, and momentary bound to secrecy, might not be destroyed, but might some day see the light.

RIT AND HUMMEL'S CLOCK.—We stated on one or two occasions, that the early numbers of "Hum phrey's Clock" were much inferior in point of ability and interest to the former productions of Mr. Dickens, and spoke highly of the improvement manifested in the later sheets. On this subject a letter from London to the New York Signal says:—"Dickens has been very ill indeed; but is much better now. Some of the first numbers of the Clock were written for him The last but one entirely by him. How different in worth and beauty. He is a glorious fellow. I was afraid that he was quite broke up at one time, but found was a bad, but he is almost himself again.

LOOSE LIKE BUSINESS.—From a thousand to twelve hundred loans of coarse woollens have been taken out of bond from the N. Y. Custom House within a few days, most of which, it is understood, have been sold at prices fifteen to twenty per cent. higher than they might have obtained when imported.

Saturday Evening Post.

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SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1840.

To-Day's Paper.

We present, our readers to-day, with the portrait of the England Magazine for July, in advance of all our contemporaries. We have made arrangements by which in future we shall be enabled to present the choicest wine from foreign periodicals, in less space than two weeks from their publication in London.

Lost Week's Tale.

There were some passages in last week's tale, which were suffered to pass by mistake. The article was furnished by an old contributor, and we placed it in hands with only a cursory examination. We shall hereafter make it a rule to be more exact.

The Girard Colleges.

The able article which has lately appeared in the New York Review upon the causes that have prevented the opening of the Girard College, is beginning to awaken a general attention to this all-important subject. The time has arrived when it becomes high time for one side or the other, should characterize the conduct of those concerned in carrying out the noble act; and with which a community of all grades and a community hitherto unequalled, the pursuits of all parties are beginning to speak out upon that subject.

The history of the various movements made by the trustees to open the College for the purposes of instruction, presents a long catalogue of unavailing attempts to execute their trust. "More than eight years" in the words of the Review, "have now elapsed, since the decease of Mr Girard. Orphans are admissible into his College only between the ages of six and ten years. Two entire generations, therefore, have already passed the limit beyond which they cannot be received. Two more years, and the spring of children, not born at the time of Mr. Girard's death, who nevertheless, will be unfortunate on account of their age. Two generations have been robbed of the intention to open the institution. On the contrary, the documents on our table make it appear, that some years must yet elapse before the completion of the building, originated. The question naturally arises, why this extraordinary delay.

The first movement of the trustees was made so early as 1836, and resulted in the choice of Mr Roberts as President of the College, under the legal provision of John Sergeant. Esq. In the autumn of that year accordingly, President Barker, received his appointment, and entered upon the duties of the office. Nothing has been effected, however, since that time. No further effort, however, was made to open the College for instruction, until the spring of 1838, when the trustees again brought the matter before the Councils by a resolution, informing them that in a few months the arrangements of the Board would permit the opening of the College, and asking to an appropriation for that purpose. On the suggestion of John Sergeant, Esq., the Councils refused to do so, declared that nothing could be done, according to the terms of the will, until the Girard College building should be completed. In this opinion Horace Binney, Esq., subsequently concluded. The "one draft" of two millions, which lawyers had before them for opposition, but there are not a few who entertain different opinions on the construction of the trust. Be that as it may, however, the matter has been there remained without further advance.

The board being thus disappointed in their first intentions did not, however, suffer themselves to be discouraged. They returned to the charge. A committee was appointed to consider and report upon the possibility of opening the college fund in some way for the intermediate of orphans. The result was a report by the board of trustees. That the select and common councils be respectfully required to appropriate to the use of the" Girard College" the sum of $100,000, to enable them to make preparations for the organization of the college." Mr Binney giving his opinion in favor of the legality of such an appropriation.

More than a year, however, has elapsed since his resolution of the board of trustees was laid before our councils, and yet nothing has yet been done in the matter.

That the councils, or at least a portion of them mean, have still neither the will nor the power to open the College, is evident from the following extract from the Review:

"The Girard College is kept up from year to year, and will continue to be kept up, by the fund of the city, and the interest of the fund will be used for the purpose for which it was bequeathed, until the Councils shall be prepared, to submit the matter to the court of Common Pleas, and by the county of Philadelphia, for their decision as to the disposition and application of the fund. The Councils cannot in regard to the said College, and pray the said Court, to consider the matter, and to make such alterations, to make a decree affirming that the College shall be opened for the reception of children, from the inhabitants of the Twelfth ward, and to receive and educate pupils out of the funds for that purpose.

The resolutions was read, and the further consideration postponed until next session, and has been postponed every week, however, it was repeated. The reason which led to this, were doubtless a fear on the part of Councils that the court would not decree the expenses without being beautiful, and that a speedy decision could never be obtained. We had, however, thought that the respected judge who sits on the Equity side of the Common Pleas, was too well acquainted with the nature of the trust, to delay the matter and too desirous on his own account to lend his aid towards carrying out the intentions of the donor on the noble charity, to contingent his own personal convenience, or do aught but lend himself to the speedy adjustment of the difficulty. In such a matter the court should also exist only to the public weal. A case might be stated in such a way as, without touching with property, to settle the docket, to clear an almost indestructive hearing.

The first object of Girard was unquestionably the instruction of orphans. It was right and wrong in the beginning and ending of his will. Every thing else was secondary to that. The erection of the buildings, the purchase of the property, the appointment of professors, the adoption of the laws, were all subordinate to that object. The trustees, in short, are the mere instruments in the hands of the city, for the instruction of orphans. Every thing else is but to that main intent. A court of equity, therefore, in determining the matter, would look merely to that single object, and proceeded to a decree for the purpose of teaching Girls. They dominated school rooms, and being thus brought into the hands of the court. On getting it, they were met by a gun, which some of them turned away. At the outset, a small collection of children in the neighborhood for the purpose of teaching them to read and write. Gradually the number increased, and the school was filled with a host of children, and the trustees, in the course of a few years, found themselves in possession of a splendid building, in two, three and twenty years one hundred and seventy-five children.

The next step once taken, and who can say where the progress to the gallows will be arrested.

Foreign News.

By the British Queen.

The British Queen arrived at New York on Saturday morning, bringing intelligence twenty-six days later from Europe, some of which it will be seen is of a very exciting character. We take the most of our information from the New York Herald, to which paper we are also indebted for the earliest information of the arrival.

The Queen will soon be a mother. An interest has been felt in her confinement, by the entire nation. Stanley's Irish Bill has been defeated. The Irish Municipal Reform Bill, and Irish Registry Bill, have been cut up in Spain, and are running out of the enquiry. There is a slight improvement in commercial matters.

The Fire of Pompeii is in the papers, we therefore presume that he is dead.

The King of Prussia is dead and buried.

The Britannia steam ship was not to leave Liverpool July 6th.

We see nothing about the Republican Speech.

Attempt to Assassinate the Queen & Prince Albert.

The Queen and Prince Albert, on the 10th of June, a young man of the name of Oxford, made an attempt to shoot the Queen and Prince Albert. He had been accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and Lord Melbourne, Buckingham Palace at a quarter past 3 o'clock, in an open phaeton, with out-riders, for the purpose of taking the customary drive in Hyde Park. On coming down the drive from behind him a second pistol, which he had loaded after the carriage, was fired, resulting at the out-rigger post, had by that time passed the Queen's carriage, and was then in an Alley land, and at the discharge of the second, several of the spectators rushed towards the perpetrator of the crime, and he was secured. The entire proceedings, from having the appearance of a laboring man, and then to the Queen's carriage, to the discharge, and the other bystander, by whom he was handed over to two policemen, and conveyed to the Queen's palace, and the Queen's equire police court. The *summon* has since been issued against the prisoner, to appear.

The latest important news is that the Civil war in Spain is finally over. Espartero has put an Alfonzo and all its beginning. In fact, the French have rough the business for them.

The murderer of Lord William Russell.

Courvoisier, the valet, confessed to the attempt. He was Old Bailey charged with the murder, and his case is not suggested to him by reading and seeing the performance of Jack Sheppard." He has denied put to death.

Mount Bromley.—In the House of Commons June 9th, Mr. Wakley, who, I believe, is President of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, presented a petition from the Medico-Chirurgical Society, praying for the establishment of a museum of anatomy and pathology, which were interested in keeping him silent, then through his own exertions, and should be retained, and the Council of the Society, to make the request. He would not enter into the merits of the question, but he would not conceal from the House his opinion that the present museum was a disgrace to the country. He had been informed by a gentleman, who had visited it, that the specimens were not properly preserved, and were quite in a state of decay. He would not say that the fault was with the Council of the College of Surgeons, but he thought it was their duty to see that the specimens were properly preserved. He would move that the petition be brought up.

Mr. Hawes said, that he had been informed by the Council of the College of Surgeons, that the specimens were in a state of decay

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To Correspondents.

We have several communications on hand which we had intended answering; but owing to our own misapprehension we must take patience and wait till it turn.

We are much pressed with the "Sketches of Character." They breathe the right spirit.

"The Invalid's Lament" by one who, with many poetic fancy, and we judge a sensitive heart, want nearly altogether the art of rhyme. A little study will remedy this defect, while what is kept to be kept again from the author of those verses. We send the last stanza.

"I thought last night that in a dream
A voice said to me to arise
And I sat by the side of our mountain stream,
Oh! would that I were there.

"I Love and Love alone" is not unique in our eye. There are some fine lines in it. The love of a country will be fostered by such a theme.

"W. J." is condemned. His lines are jingle, not poetry.

"My Little Brother" is on file for insertion.

Lines to Miss ——— have been received. We shall again use the first stanza and the last of those lines.

"Lines on the Death of Child" will find a place, we may per haps use the last stanza with a few alterations. Here it is

As well might stars, forget to shine,
In the heaven, above,
As I forget thee, my love.
Bright star, fare, my love.

"Address to Death" is rejected. "Lines to ——" are condemned. Bring out calm and life-like. It has our thanks.

The Biography of Knox" by "J. C." is given out. It is indeed a rule which we intend to establish in all cases, that no original matter will be inserted unless the manuscripts to the writers at the same time with the original.

"R. F." "N. E." "Caroline" and "Amelia Ann" have not been received by us. Will our friends please write more legibly and plain, so as to neither fatigue their eyesight, nor annoy the printer.

The Steamship Britannia.—The Britannia with 115 passengers left Boston on the 4th inst. 1840, for Liverpool, touching at Halifax. The Britannia is 230 feet long, by 34 feet broad, and 1,200 tons burden. She has four cabins in four feet above the main deck. The officers rooms are on deck houses adjoining the paddle boxes. The principal deck house contains the dining saloon and steward's pantry 71 feet long by 14 1-2 feet broad.—The saloon is 26 feet long by 14 wide, and 7 feet high, with 3 passage ways each side of the saloon. The accommodation for 124 passengers, viz 24 berths in the cabins and 100 berths in the steerage passengers. There are four pallor rooms, the ladies' cabin, the gentlemen's two cabins, the one before and the other aft, and the private cabin.

A Perfect Beauty.—A man named Daniel Rosencrans was the Baltimore Clipper, was committed by Justice Pennington for having a wife living, when he married his wife's sister, Comfort Bogell, in such a manner, with a pane of three inch pane glass, heavy, and secured by a lock. He was found in bed at a hotel manner. After dwelling for his also locked her and apparently dead. The piece of wood at the door was found to be a fire office, with number of the unfortunate woman's blood and hair on it. She has been placed under the care of a physician, who says there are some faint symptoms of returning consciousness.

Machinery in the Human Frame.—Very few, even mechanics, are aware how much machinery there is in the human body. We are there pumps and bungs in the house, but there are valves in the veins, acting pump to the heart, and various other contrivances for the motion of the blood, and the pulley. The bones which support the body are made precisely in that form, which has been calculated by mechanical principles to be the best for the purpose of acting collusive that of fulcrum. This form conclusive, that of the arch, for the purpose of strength. Of this form are the quills of bird's wings where these requisites are necessary.

Counterfeiters on the Lookout.—For some time past, on account of the counterfeiting establishments in this country, have obtained a large portion of Michigan money, there has been a general lookout among the merchants, money changers, landlords, and other dignitaries, their principal field of labor being the counties of Wayne, Macomb, Oakland St. Clair, Washtenaw and Jackson. The scale of one of them has now made discoveries which will probably lead to the arrest and conviction of many of the principal actors in the concern. We hope they will be severely punished.

Snow-slip 1841.—The Long Island Star tells of a snow slide that took place in that long, low island at Hempstead last. The whole had evidently collected somewhere on lean descent and of late ago, had passed up the other, and again descended, when it struck the first while known to have been captured on that hill. They have been taken several times along the Atlantic shore, but never before in such numbers as at present. It proves the old adage, "the sun rises to those who early rise."

Bad Gold.—About a week ago as Dr. Isaac Rice, Chaplain to the House of Representatives was stopping on board a steamboat at Boston to go to Portland, he forgot his hat, and upon inquiry he had another put into the water, between the pier and the vessel, and found the paddles of a steamboat on the eye. Dr. Parker, being unconfident an owner, he allied to restore himself until he was rescued.

Iron Sea or Sea.—Some of the papers are urging that Congressman should be elected by the state at whole vast, and to work from sea to sea. A capital thing—can't be accomplished.

Political Intelligence.

Appointments by the President.—By and with the advice and consent of the Senate—Russell Mobley, from West Long Branch, to be Surveyor of the Port of Perth Amboy, in the State of New Jersey.

Francis Shaler, jeunes, Samuel Lathrop, to be a Inspector of the Revenue for the Port of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts.

Elias King, to be Navy Agent for the Navy Yard at Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, during the term of four years from the 14th of July, 1840, vice Isaac Parker, whose commission expires.

Benj. J. Horton, to be Navy Agent for the Port of Portsmouth, in the State of New Hampshire, during the 14th of October, 1840, vice his present commission will expire.

Benjamin Crowninshield, to be Naval Officer for the Port of New York, in the State of New York, vice Isaac Hull, at the city of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts.

Joseph Johnson, of the city of Charleston, in the State of South Carolina.

George Poor, at the city of Lewes, in the State of Delaware.

Lewis Cruzatte, John B. Lucas, Register of the Land Office at Mount Salus, Missouri, vice Lucas, whose commission expired on the 4th July, 1840.

John Wilson, Register of the Land Office at Chillicothe, Ohio, vice Joseph H. Larwell, resigned.

Peter Hagner, Register of the Land Office at Palmyra, Missouri, vice Abraham Bird, removed.

Henry Dearborn, Collector of the Customs at Chicago, Ill. vice James H. Poole, resigned.

Edward Curtis, Collector of the Customs for the Port of Gloucester, in the State of Massachusetts.

The New Jersey Memorial.—It will be seen by our Washington letter that the Democrats in members from New Jersey have decided to defeated duty elected to Congress, by a vote of 102 to 22.

Financial Record.

Counterfeit Notes.—An extensive fraud in uttering of the bills of the Bank of the State of Georgia on the U. S Bank are in circulation. The body of the note and engraving are well done, except the hangers, but the impression is very much inferior. The notes are much shorter than the genuine. We may add that one hears were uttered considerable bills in this city and vicinity. The bills of these notes on the many, on about in their dimensions, and rather than the genuine. Our citizens must be upon their guard.

One Per Cent Tax.—A letter from England to the New York Signal says: "The last arrival has brought the intelligence which gives great satisfaction to the holders of American securities in England. I mean the direct tax about to be laid by the state of Pennsylvania. No step could have been taken which could so much restore confidence."

Counterfeit Notes.—The dollar counterfeit bill of the Exchange Bank of Pittsburgh, are in circulation in that city. They are marked letter A, date Sept 7, 1839, and the names of the Cashier and President are lithographed.

General News.

Fearful Outrage.—On Sunday night, a fortnight last, says the St. Louis Republican, a negro man, belonging to Mr George Chaswell, of Washington county, entered the apartment where his master and mistress were sleeping, with the intention of killing his master. Owing to the sickness of a child, Mrs. C. had retired from the front of the bed, the negro struck a blow at the breast, with the edge of a sharp axe, cutting into the cavity of the chest. At the moment he gave the blow, a flash of lightning enabled him to see that it was striking his mistress, and he attempted to case it; but for this fact he must have killed her instantly. He succeeded in making his escape, but was apprehended, and after some days confessed the crime. At the latest accounts, Mrs. C. was in a fair way to recover. The other wounds he imagined, was, that he wanted to be sold.

A Duel.—The Baltimore Free Trader says: "Mr. Jones, by a gentleman from Yorktown, that Gov Ritchie had sent a challenge to Volney E. Howard, Esq which was accepted, and the parties had repaired to the District of Columbia for the fatal affair of honor. Something should be done of an effective character to prevent this eternal resort to murder, for the purpose of wiping off a fancied injury. If the laws of our country were not sufficient to right the sufferer and punish the aggressor, it is time for the people to call for such a mode of settling aggrievements, but rather present circumstances there can be none, and he who has recourse to the code, does so in contempt of the laws of his country."

Killed with a Stone.—In Saginaw, N. Y. on Tuesday last, an ox Mr John Kinchester, aged about 50 years, was killed by a stone. He was driving a load of wood, when the stone struck him on the side of the head, and he was instantly killed. He died to death by the stone.

Drowned in Dutch.—A young man of Boston, by the name of Charles Reed, while diving last Friday evening, off a bridge, struck his head against a rock in the water, and such to rise no more. He was a steady young man, and his sole support of a widowed mother.

Drowned and Death.—A horrible accident was committed in the village of Thomas, Norfolk, last May, on which we have not been able to collect all the facts and circumstances. She had been plunged into a tube of water and their bodies to death, but no trace of the murderer could be found.

Fire at Syracuse.—On Thursday last the Eagle Tavern at Syracuse, with its stables and outhouses, was destroyed by fire. A number of horses were burned, and a lot of old buildings containing about thirty families, were consumed.

Alleged Notice.—Notice of the new remnant of the New Hope and Delaware Bridge Company at Lambertville, altered from 1 to 10 dollars are in circulation. They are natural letter B, and dated March 1st, 1840.

The Unicorn.—The steamship Unicorn, 1-6 Halifax with the mail for Quebec, and the steamer was detained at Halifax, immediately after the arrival of the Britannia.

Taking Time.—Governor Poindexter was robbed of a gold watch, while going into the theatre in Washington, on Friday night. Three rogues were arrested on suspicion.

A dishonest Huckman.—A hack driver named Robert Cramer, was arrested in New York on Monday last, for the fraud of the Cabinet Bank of Baltimore. It is stated that he had been left in the hands of Attorney for collection.

Many Terms in The Ears.—A certain performer recently threw fifty seven somersets in succession, or one and the same trial, at Canonsburg, Pa.

Alas! for Them.—The Chicago Democrat says: "People are much more liberal with their advice to others than with their money."

Drowned.—A man named John Salone, was drowned at New York on Thursday while bathing.

Shocking Suicide.—A tragical event occurred on the 8th inst. in Bradford Co. in this State. A man named Russell Sladden, who resided in Warren township, put an end to his existence by cutting his throat with a common pocket knife, in the public highway, in the township of Orwell. The deceased had gone to a grist mill with his team, while waiting he drove his wagon to a neighbor's house, a mile or two distant, and as he was returning, just before night, committed the awful deed by the road side. A company of hunters was standing in the road, and the deceased approached with a few rods of them, when he stopped his horse, and with a knife which he went into a corner of the fence, where he was observed by some of the company to keep his hand about his neck. They supposed him from mere curiosity, when lo! his throat was cut from ear to ear, and the instrument with which he had done the deed and breathed his last. He understood he left a wife and five or six small children.

Sudden and Singular Death.—We learn from the Boston Times that on Thursday last a merchant named was summoned in that city by the report of the death of an Irish female, from Langdale, supposed to have met her fate at the hands of her husband.

It appears that the parties had not lived together for nearly three months, the wife, from some ill treatment of her "better half," having been compelled to seek protection among her friends. When first seen after the crime was committed, the countenance of the occupants of the house—she had a lighted lamp in her hand, and her husband was standing by—led them there herself upon her bed uttering heard groans. She was said as it called, and went to her assistance, when she stepped back from the bed, and the same down, became sick, and went to bed. After receiving a glass of water, she again retired to repose, but he neared with considerable pain, and the coroner's inquest held that the deceased came to her death by some violence.

Dreadful Mur.—Sometime since, says the Baltimore Clipper, "two men of sanguinous appearance, name, named John Moore and John Sauterford, stopped at Mount Salus, Missouri. The latter, after eating freely for some time, suddenly exclaimed he was poisoned, and he was instructed Moore and Sauterford both escaped.

Reduction of Tolls.—The tolls on coffee, sugar, earthenware hardware, ironmongery and salts, have been reduced by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, from fifty cents to 25 cents per 1000 pounds, on wheat from two cents to one and a half per bushel, and on all fish from one cent to half a cent per pound. The Board of Directors deserve no credit for this, as they ought to have done it long ago, and failing for a third, self-willed, foolish, one-old policy, that, if persevered in, would have driven every vessel from the canal. Though they have done right at last, they should have reflected on the past and rule of the flaw of the poor woman. Her's seems brought the neighbors to her assistance.

Appointment of Governor.—Governor Spotswood on Tuesday. Of the vast amount of business which should have been transacted, how little has been attempted! It is a sad reflection, that so many spoons appropriately considered with vote power, should continue thus to act with so many their affection for the best interests of their country, or to act in alone, forgetting the utility of corresponding deeds.

Tough Time in St. Louis.—The Gazette of the 31 inst. says—"The unusual portable rain Bank, on the 1st of the month, was not punctually, but on the 2d, 3d and 4th. It is stated that about 800 notes have been recently issued, returnable at the next term of the Circuit Court, and it is supposed that the same number of suits on the docket at that term will not fall much short of 3,000."

Common Ball.—A correspondent inquires what is "common ball." It is a part of the romance of the day, and we regret that we are not able to answer the lovely discharging a suns—a official ball, it is stated—and John Dar and Richard Rue, two fictitious individuals altogether to be security. Truly a formal common ball and is common enough too, Hoosier's know.

Mysterious.—Some boys digging for worms lately in the back yard of some new buildings erecting in Lenox, discovered a human skeleton quite near the surface, and on the remains of some undertaker's coffin was. There was a hole in the top of the head like a bullet hole—the skull seemed to have been a case of nine fractures.

Indicted Thief.—The Grand Jury of the New York Court of General Sessions have found a true bill against Richard Rue and James Dunn, captain and pilot of the De Witt Clinton, and against Captain Hoxie, of the Nyaden. Our readers will remember the immense collision out of which that indictment has grown.

Not dead by Long.—The two New York robbers who were supposed to have met their death by the explosion of the safe, are supposed that were suggested to have returned safe and sound. In the dense fog they lost their reckoning and were picked up by an, and landed at Fire Island, at which, however, dreadful pay for taking the in on board.

Raising a Steamboat.—The St. Louis Gazette states that a gentleman has succeeded in raising, by the aid of Mr. Eads, the steamboat Ben Sherrod, sunk in the Illinois Rapids. The rapidity of the current, which is a difficult task, and five would be the next miles it. She will be able to run in a few days.

Hon. J. H. Prince.—On Saturday, the 11th inst. the Hon. James H. Prince, Collector of the Port of Boston, entered upon the duty of his office, and assumed the responsible fit the duty before, but was deemed out of danger, but an hour or two prior to he decease. He was admitted on the 12th inst.

Sudden Death.—Capt. Jonathan Hall, of Sandwich, was found dead on the 24th ult. by cutting his throat with a razor, at the house of Charles Gross, in the township of Percy, Upper Canada.

Peculiable Burning.—The steamer on the Northern Lakes, was burned on the night of the 4th inst. by the fire Monday of July, were $38,120 37—the expenses during the same time were, $17,650 07.

A Shocking Death.—One of the hands of a pilot boat on the harbor of Charleston, S. C. was drowned on the 12th inst. and was immediately seized by a shark and devoured.

At it again.—One of the rogues recently escaped from the prison at St. Louis, was detained a few hours afterwards stealing a coat.

Shocking.—William H. Lloyd, formerly keeper of the United States Bank, at Buffalo, committed suicide on that city on Tuesday last, by taking laudanum.

He Dwells in it.—The New Hampshire Statesman says it is understood that Mr. Hill declines the appointment of Rec—ver Gengeral of Boston.

Reward for Incendiaries.—The Mayor of Baltimore has offered a reward for the incendiaries that robbed that city.

Shot in the Eye.—On the 16th inst. a man in St Charles, was shot through his eye by accident, while he had been his pistol was loaded.

Retirement to Chrulty.—A Woodville paper gives the following as to rubicundo mode of Killing Snow.—"Place the thee on a smooth pone board, and hedge him in with pasty, then roof him on account of all the rational and steamboat accidents which have happened in the last twelve months. As soon as he he pokes his proboscis out on he is able to stir, draw out his teeth, and he will cease to death."

Bitten by a Mad Cat.—On the 24th inst. a person named E. W. Price, living near Coatesville, Maryland, while in the act of getting wood in a field was bitten by a cat, supposed to be rabid, and one of his dogs completely lacerated just above the knee before he could discharge himself from the cat, and it is supposed will recover.

ALMANAC.

July 1840.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON WATER	MOON PHASES
25 Saturday,	4 32	7 41	9	
26 Sunday,	4 33	7 41	10	
27 Monday,	4 34	7 41	11	
28 Tuesday,	4 35	7 41	12	
29 Wednesday,	4 36	7 41	1	First Quarter
30 Thursday,	4 37	7 41	2	1 Evening
31 Friday,	4 38	7 40	3	2 Last Day
1 Saturday,	4 39	7 40	4	3 Last Day

Philadelphia Post Office.

Eastern mail closes at 8 A.M. | 4 P. M.
New York at 8 A.M. and | New York at 3 A.M. and
Southern 8 A.M. | Southern close at 10 P.M.
Northern 8 A.M. & 4 P.M. | Northern at 3 A.M. & 4 P.M.

MARRIED,

On the 16th inst. by the Rev Wm. C. Patton, Jacob Wise, to Miss Mary Ann Hoffman, all of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev Mr. Atwood, Mr Gideon Lee, to Miss Mary Ann Hoffman, all of this city.

On the 21st Sept. 1839, by the Rev. Dr. Dennis, Mr. Thomas Pratt, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Cunningham, all of Philadelphia.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Gerhardt, Andrew Bell, to Miss Mary Ann Hoffman, all of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev John H. Cookman Jesse L. Wiggins, to Sarah, daughter of the late David Hall, all of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Atwood, Mr. Samuel Wise, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Hoffman, all of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Atwood, Mr. Thomas Wise, to Miss Mary Ann Hoffman, all of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Atwood, Mr. Jacob Wise, to Miss Mary

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all the flavor.

The Clouds.

Beautiful clouds! I have watch'd ye long,
Pinkie and bright as a fairy throng;
Now ye have gather'd golden banner,
Now ye are pointing in silver pennons,
Now ye are piled with a majestic brush,
Deepening fast to a crimson flush;
Now late aerial spectres at play,
Ye are lightly dancing another way;
Melting in many a pearly flake,
Like the cygnet's down on the azure lake
Now ye gather again, and in
The bank in the issue of a setting sun,
And anon ye serve as Zephyr's car,
Flitting before the evening star.
Now ye rise in mighty form,
With the arms of a giant, to smite the storm;
Ye groan the lightning, and fling it on earth,
All fleeting and wild as a maniac's mirth;
Ye convene the thunder, and instantly it roars,
While the forest groans, and the aroniandre pours
Ye launch the arrow with howling force,
Till the ocean hum in their boiling course.
Ye come, and your trophies are scatter'd around
In the trench on the waters, the task on the ground
Oh! where is the eye that doth not love
The glorious pinnacles that glide above?
That hath not look'd on the realms of air
With wonderings sent and burning prayer
Oh! where is the spirit that hath not bow'd
To its God at the shrine of a passing cloud?

FITCH.—Contemplate the various uses to which paper is applied, and reflect upon the material out of which it is manufactured. There goes a fellow wearing an old ragged shirt and pear of breeches—a little thing may be sold to the paper rusher, and perhaps in a very few weeks this old dirty, ragged shirt will be spread before some beautiful angel of a girl in the shape of a neat gilt-ed, ol ballet-doors from her lover! Or, the old linen bag will be converted into wrapping paper and serve to some cosmo confectionery for my lady's wedding! Or, again, the old shirt and breeches may be ground up and converted into printing paper, and mayhap, reader, you will some day hold them in your hand, and be clothed with ecstacy at some soul-stirring effusion impressed thereon through the skill of the papermaker and printer. Old intricles and such like, are not to be sneered at. Papermakers and printers honor and esteem them!

THEY HAVE FOUND ME OUT.—A gentleman who had the ill fate to have a one very weak in his intellect, was continually recommending silence as the best method of hiding his imperfections. It so happened that the father took his son to an entertainment, and he carried with ecstacy at some soul-stirring effusion impressed thereon through the skull of the papermaker and printer. Old intricles and such like, are not to be sneered at. Papermakers and printers honor and esteem them!

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PRESENCE OF MIND.—If you should happen to meet with an accident at table, endeavor to preserve your composure, and do not add to the discomfort you have created by making an unnecessary fuss about it. I remember hearing it told of a very accomplished gentleman, that when carving a very tough goose he had the misfortune to send it entirely out of the dish into the lap of the lady next to him, on which he looked her full into the face and said, "Ma'am, I will thank you for that goose." This manner of bearing such a mortifying accident gained him more credit than he lost by his awkward carving.

GOOD RETORT.—The Emperor Alexander, during the occupation of Paris, was present at an anniversary of one of the Hospitals. Plates were handed for contributions, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. The plate was held to the Emperor by no extremely pretty girl. As he gave his Louis d'or, he whispered, "Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes." The girl emptied, and presented the plate again. "What," said the Emperor, "more?" "Yes, sir," said she, "*I now need something for the poor!*"

"I'LL CONQUER MY WIFE."—That is what old Judge Thatcher, of Massachusetts, said to Bloody North Carolina, when they were members of Congress, at Philadelphia. The latter had often challenged the Judge to mortal combat. "I'll consult my wife, sir," replied the Judge, taking off his three-cornered hat, and making a bow, "and if she is willing I'll favor you with a meeting."

COMPARATIVE PRICES.—A gentleman who had been successively engaged in three professions, was asked the comparative profits of each, and for acquiring property. He replied "The man who will give but a fourpence to save his soul, will give twenty-five cents for relief from sickness —and a dollar to have his own will!"

SHORT QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.—What trade has the most branches?

Answer.—That of a gardener.

Who travels the same road oftener than a stage driver?

Answer.—A money collector.

WOMAN'S TENDER.—One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to woman insinuation and persuasion, in order to be surly; it did not make them weak, in order to be imperious: it did not give them a sweet voice, to be employed in scolding.

THE CRATER.—An Irishman, describing the melancholy termination of a friend, who had fallen into the mouth of the volcano, exclaimed, "Oh, yes, he died of taking too much of the crayter."

MARRIAGE.—A fanatical preacher, in the days of persecution, having been gagged, a poet remarked that it was a striking case of martyrdom.

WILL YOU TAKE A PUNCH?—Will you take a punch?" said an acquaintance, offering his snuff box to a fishmonger. "No, I thank you," replied the latter. "I have just had one from a lobster."

TRUTH.—He who speaks lightly of female sincerity is a scoundrel; he who speaks of it with hesitancy is a knave—the former not having sense enough to discern its benefits, and the latter feeling the restraint it lays on his vices.

TRANSLATION.—Early tradition is first obscured, and then adopted by history, as Pompeii was overwhelmed by the same lava of which it was built.

FORTUNE.—In the finest passages of most poets, there is a host of useless words added, as we see the royal carriage followed by a dozen empty ones.

IMMORTALITY.—To think or speak of our immortality, always makes me feel as if mine own were beginning.

THE PRESENT TIME.—In this revolutionary age, the ship of state has sails enough, but wants are the anchors.

DINNER OF KNOWLEDGE.—That which we do not know is wisit gives value to all our knowledge, and interest to our studies.

THE FAIR.—Time sanctifies, as in the Catholic church a holy man is not canonized till a century after his death.

TIME.—The angel of Time, like Milton's cherubim, has six wings: two cover its coming, and two its going, and with two it flies.

SILENCE.—Silence is the language of the gods.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
Chorus Carlingford.

One evening last May, I left the quiet walks of my beautiful native village, and wandered up a still more silent path that follows the graceful windings of the Delaware. The pure air was stirred into a gentle breeze, that caressed the blossoms, and bore the fragrance of their breath on its wings. On the clear blue of the sky there was a few white clouds, that seemed to be looking to the crimsoning west, to catch a robe of glory from the departing sun. A beautiful coloring of yellow-green rested on the sighing trees that skirted their path, and behind their long arms in the coolness of the river, over which gently curling waters the swallow was darting with rapidity, and the snow-winged barque was gliding with grace and beauty. The scene—the beauties of nature—smiling in all their original purity and loveliness, were well fitted to unload my spirit of the cares and perplexities of the day, and raise it to the contemplation of higher and better things—to the blessed and redeeming contemplation of the Father of goodness.

"Oh! how the spirit mounteth up
At such a view and how to rise
When Earth taken heed the better cup
That sparkles in the upper skies!"

As I was wandering on, musing on nature's adjacent beauty, I saw, setting beneath a shady tree on the green grass, a little girl of about the stem of an aged man. The playful air was fingering with the whiteness of his locks, that fell over his forehead, and at times bestowed a sly kiss of laughter on his cheek. The features of his countenance bore the lingering traces of past sorrow, and the stamp of raging passion. His form, which was tall and badly clothed, was old and wasted, and told of days of dissipation and nights of revelry and remorse.

I approached him, and we commenced conversation. His voice was broken and trembling. I called his attention to the surrounding scenery. He scarcely looked at it, and in a melancholy tone observed—

"There was a time when he could draw bliss and delight from nature—in the early time of his existence—when the glow of innocence and youthful feelings were his. When Hope, with her angel voice, was singing to him of the bright future, and its attendant joys of life. But now it and nature of every thing. All things on earth were alike clothed in garments of gloom, and sounded in them a drought of bitterness."

I gazed mutely upon him, and thought I discerned the workings of better memories on his mind. I repeated line by line the poem of his life. He did not deny me, but was not he would only give the following outlines.

"The sunny days of my childhood were passed among the hills, and the green and lofty trees of a secluded spot, on the banks of that beautiful, and green-garlanded stream, called Neshaminy. All the finer years of manhood were mine. I continued to reside amid the beauties that cluster around that stream. It became to me as a well of living water. Its sighs became the warmth and music of earth. She was happy, because she was virtuous. She was cheerful, because she was happy. She lavished on me every kindness and affection that a heart alone—the gentleness of goodness in manhood, which she had engrafted on my mind during the hours of its youth.

"The death of both of my dearly beloved parents was a stroke from which I could not soon recover. It bridge him. Its beauty and loveliness were sinking him in the esteem of the public. Reverence will be displayed in your manner of speaking of him; and in your bearing to him, and hence will arise a kind of feeling that will suggest to you homage, but that respect and deference which are due to one whom we are commanded to obey. Your manner will be such as to show that you are, for instance, in your manner of speaking of him, you will avoid all that would tend to lessen him in the esteem of others; all exposure of his faults to undue weakness of character, and his understanding or domestic rule. Such gossip is detestable and unchristian; for can any thing tend more to bridge him, by degrees, the hearts of all who were sinking him in the esteem of the public? Reverence will be displayed in your manner of speaking of him; and in your bearing to him, and hence will arise a kind of feeling that will suggest to you homage, but that respect and deference which are due to one whom we are commanded to obey. Your manner will be such as to show that you are, for instance, in your manner of speaking of him, you will avoid all that would tend to lessen him in the esteem of others; all exposure of his faults to undue weakness of character, and his understanding or domestic rule. Such gossip is detestable and unchristian; for can any thing tend more to bridge him, by degrees, the hearts of all who were sinking him in the esteem of the public?

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